

Piano/Vocal

# In Short

Music and Lyrics by  
Benj Pasek & Justin Paul  
Suggested Monologue by  
Todd Buonopane

MAN 2: *with emotion*

★ START

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, key of D major, and common time. It begins with a whole rest followed by a quarter note G4. The middle staff is the piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The piano part features a melody of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line of quarter notes in the left hand. A tempo marking of  $\text{♩} = 120$  and the style *soft pop/rock* are written above the piano part. A dynamic marking of *mp* is placed below the piano part. A handwritten star and the word "START" are written above the first measure of the vocal line, with a vertical line extending down to the piano part.

My

5

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, continuing from the first system. The lyrics "love af - fair with you is o - ver, it's through. We" are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

love af - fair with you is o - ver, it's through. We

5

The piano accompaniment for the second system, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef), continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

9

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, continuing from the second system. The lyrics "loved and then we lost. — And while it came at quite a cost," are written below the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

loved and then we lost. — And while it came at quite a cost,

9

The piano accompaniment for the third system, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef), continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

13 *mp*  
 we both had the chance to grow. I've col- lec- ted my thoughts and

13 *mp*

17 once before I go, there's just one thing I want you to know:

17

21  $\text{♩} = 98$   
 I want to punch you in the face, stab you with a sword.

21 *mf* *Latin*

25 I hope you lose all your hair, get eat - en by a bear, strang- le your- self with a

25 *detache*

29

tel - e - phone cord. Lean out a win - dow a lit - tle too far. Don't look both ways and get

29

*detache*

33

hit by a car. Choke on a "Now and La - ter" get your shoe - lac - es caught in an

33

37

es - ca - la - tor. In short; I hope you die.

37

END

43

May - be it's wrong to wish death on some - one you had so much love for. But

43

*mf*

*contained*

*Handwritten: \*START*

47

since we shared so much it makes me want to kill you more! I want to

47

*detache*

51

stick pins in your eyes. I pray you get a rec-tal rash. I hope your Vi-

51

*mf*

55

- sa's de-clined, your chil-dren are blind, you're broke and have to do porn for cash. Be-

55

*detache*

59

come ep-i-lep-tic and vio-lent-ly shake. Find out that you were con-ceived by mis-take.

59

*detache*

63

Fall out of a roller-coaster. Take a warm bath with a plugged in toaster. In

68

short, I really hope you die! O. K. So maybe I've

73

gone too far. Maybe I'm saying this out of spite. Maybe I

77

think these things to cope with sleeping alone each night. Cause obviously I'm still

81 *poco rit.* *sweetly*

think-ing of you and wish-ing that we could just start o - ver new. What if we both give it one more

81 *poco rit.* *rall.*

86 *f*

try? Sucks that we can't cause you're a prick who de-serves to

86

90

die! Die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die!

90 *calypso* *mf*

94

Die, die, die, die, die, die, die!

94 *calypso*

98 *f*

Die, die, die, die, die, die, Get Sars! Die,

103

die, die, die, die, die! E - bo - la! Die,

107

die, die, die, die, die, die, Bird flu. Die, die,

Insert Monologue

die, die, die, die! Get beat-en and slugged, mo-les-ted and mugged.

bigger with every chord

Monologue: Fall when you're getting out of the shower, and your tweezers are on the floor because you're always plucking your eyebrows because you care more about your eyebrows than you ever cared about me. So you're getting out of the shower and you fall and the tweezers pierce you right in the middle of your forehead, right next to that weird mole thing you have above your left eye that always drove me slightly insane, which I always wondered why you never just surgically removed, its not that expensive you cheap asshole, so the tweezers stab you and you become immediately paralyzed and slowly bleed out.

Wake up to find you were date-raped and drugged. I hate you, I'm leav-ing, good-by!

rall. f

rall. f

In short, I hope you fuck-ing die!

Glissando



126

Die!

*ff*

3